

POETRY.

For the Liberator.
THE COSTLY CHURCH.
BY F. BENJAMIN GAGE.

We are led to feel the blight of this insane rivalry of costly sites and costly houses, built to His name who commanded that His Gospel should be preached to the poor. Many of these houses and societies are deeply in debt, and the unpaid incumbrance is more than the original sum should have been that the house cost.—Boston Journal.

I sat at my window one Sabbath morn,
And mused with a brow overshadowed with care,
While watching the hurried crowd in the street
To the holy church of our God repair;
For the noisy, clanging, clamorous bell
Was loudly calling them to prayer.

'Tis a costly church, 'tis a popular church,
Though many churches will with this compare;
They're a splendid organ, whose 'thunder tones'
Will almost uproot your very hair;
They're a splendid choir, whose wonderful skill
Extends far into the regions of 'rare.'

They have costly carpets upon the aisle,
And many a carved and curious chair;
You would think the wealth of the Indian lands
Was freely scattered and lavished there;
You would think it a castle in some old world
Where the fairies were going to hold a fair.

Then I questioned myself in a quiet way:
Why, why do the crowd to the church repair?
Do they go to worship the living God,
To offer an honest and humble prayer?
Do they go because 'tis the fashion to go?
Or for what and why do the crowd go there?

Do they go because 'tis a popular place,
And popular modern preaching is there?
Do they go to perfect themselves in grace,
Or show the gaudy dresses they wear?
Do they go to be humble, or to be proud?
Or to help the poor his burdens bear?

What's the need of so costly a church as this,
While the heathen are perishing everywhere?
While the ministers beg of us every week,
And get a few coppers 'to send off there,'
For the sake of that Savior, who, while on earth,
Had never to lay His head where?

Do you think the mighty and infinite God
Will be proud of your temple, tho' costly and rare?
Say, how will a structure so puny as this
With His temple, the Universe, ever compare?
His music, the rolling of numberless spheres,
Whose dome, the unlimited regions of air?

What need of an organ, whose brazen voice
The holy stillness away will scare?
That holy stillness, whose presence gives
The most impressiveness to prayer?
That holy stillness, that truest test
That Sincerity humbly worships there?

What need of a noisy, clamorous bell?
Have ye for religion so little care?
That ye would forget when the Sabbath has come,
And fail to go meekly and humbly there,
To hear what the minister's written to read—
To pray when the moment has come for prayer?

In a stable our infinite Savior was born,
In a manger they laid him, so young and so fair;
You'd be shocked at such barbarous examples to-day,
Such humility now is exceedingly rare.
How straight is the modern road leading to heaven!
How broad! There's no cross for the Christian to bear!

Take the pomp and pride from your church to-day,
There were none to enter and worship there;
The grass would spring up in the crumbling door,
Would flourish and blossom, and seeds would bear;
And the iron tongue of that clamorous bell
No more would startle the Sabbath air.

I witness the flashing of costly silks,
The shining of broadcloths rich and rare;
The rich in their carriages roll along,
And gaily they dash across the square;
They enter the door of that mighty church,
But never a beggar entered there.

If the beggar should come and stand at your door,
And beg to go in and your worship share,
You would spurn him away from that holy place,
And laugh that such folly he ever should dare;
For the beggar is poor and covered with rags,
And Christ for the beggar had never a care!

And now I remember a little remark
That was made one day just after prayer,
A remark by a worthy Christian lady,
Delivered with a very self-satisfied air,
That 'a calico dress had never yet
Disgraced our church by entering there.'

But methinks if Christ's doctrines are good and true,
And a heaven exists where the good shall repair,
That the Christian who seems through the door of that church
A 'nippenny calico' dress to wear,
Should never enter that golden gate,
Where the living and loving angels are!

A PARODY.

The Religion of the South delineated, by a Methodist Clergyman.

Come, saints and sinners, hear me tell
How pious priests whip Jack and Nell,
And women buy, and children sell,
And preach all sinners down to hell,
And sing of heavenly union.

They'll blast and ban, dona, like goats,
Gorge down black sheep, and strain at goats,
Array their backs in fine black coats,
Then seize their negroes by their throats,
And choke for heavenly union.

They'll church you if you sip a dram,
And damn you if you steal a lamb;
Yet rob old Tony, Doll and Sam,
Of human rights, and bread and ham;
Kidnapers' heavenly union.

They'll loudly talk of Christ's reward,
Then bind his image with a cord,
And sold, and swing the lash abhorred,
And sell their brother in the Lord
To handcuffed heavenly union.

They'll read and sing a sacred song,
And make a prayer both loud and long,
And teach the right, and do the wrong,
Hailing the brother, sister through
With words of heavenly union.

We wonder how such saints can sing,
Or praise the Lord upon the wing,
Who roar and scold, and whip and sting,
And to their slaves and mammon cling,
In guilty conscience union.

They'll raise tobacco, corn and rye,
And drive, and thrive, and cheat, and lie,
And lay up treasures in the sky
By making switch and caskin fly,
In hope of heavenly union.

They'll crack old Tony on the skull,
And preach and roar like Bashan bull,
Or braying ass, of mischief full,
Then seize old Jacob by the wool,
And pull for heavenly union.

A roaring, ranting, sleek man-thief,
Who lived on mutton, veal and beef,
Yet never would afford relief,
To needy, sable sons of grief,
Was big with heavenly union.

'Love not the world,' the preacher said,
And winked his eye, and shook his head;
He seized on Tom, and Dick, and Ned,
Cut short their meat, and clothes, and bread,
Yet still loved heavenly union.

Another preacher, whining, spoke
Of One whose heart for sinners broke:
He tied old Nanny to an oak,
And drew the blood at every stroke,
And prayed for heavenly union.

Two others oped their iron jaws,
And waved their children-stealing paws;
There sat their children in gowags;
By stinging negroes' backs and maws,
They kept up heavenly union.

All good from Jack another takes,
And entertains their dirt and rakes,
Who dress as sleek as glossy snakes,
And cram their mouths with sweetened cakes;
And this goes down for union.

The Liberator.

REPLY TO A LETTER OF REMONSTRANCE, FROM A TRINITARIAN.
BOSTON, Sept. 24, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR:
I have been inexpressibly interested and gratified by the perusal of your letter. You never committed a greater error than to suppose that I could either sneer, or feel in the remotest degree like sneering, at such a narrative as you have given of yourself. My feeling has ever been that which you express—'The views of any honest and earnest man, on a subject of such deep practical importance as religion, are always to be regarded with respect and interest.'

Moreover, of all the topics mentioned in your letter, least of all should I be disposed to sneer at the two in regard to which you seem to apprehend such a manifestation—the expression of an affectionate regard for the Bible, and of a sense of delight in, and support from, a constant, intimate and tender communion with Christ. You have seen me, hitherto, only on the accusative or protestant side; and you cannot know, until I tell you, that I am personally and experimentally acquainted with this state of heart and mind. I have not only spent years in the hearty reception of the ideas and emotions you express, actively cultivating them, and deriving intense enjoyment, consolation and support from them, but I look back to that period as the second best part of my life; as equally good in spirit and purpose with my present life, only less intelligently directed. Good as those things were, I think God has shown me something better.

All that you express in regard to the constancy, the intimacy and the tenderness of your communion with Christ, I habitually experience in communion with God. Alike when I retire at night and when I rise in the morning, when I sit in apparent security at home and when I am flying in a railroad car, and may in a moment be dashed to pieces, I feel as if I were lying in the hollow of God's hand, with his other hand covering me safe from harm. What if I am dashed in pieces? What if the lightning—which I formerly dreaded, but which I now love to look at—should strike me? This also, if it really comes, will be my Father's arrangement, part of a plan in which my welfare is of course included, and in which neither my being nor my welfare will be for a moment suspended. If he calls me hence, it will be because He wants me elsewhere, and for some reason of which my welfare certainly forms a part. Is He not my FATHER? Shall a mother forget her sucking child? Yea! she may forget! YET SHALL HE NOT FORGET ME! I rejoice in the consciousness that His presence, His power, never for a moment leave me; and remembering that that power, guided by perfect love, is also guided by perfect wisdom—knowing what are my necessities, and what constitutes my welfare, better than I can know them—my most frequent prayer is, Dear Father and Friend, help me wherein I need.

Without having the slightest feeling of desert or merit in the sight of God, and without feeling any particular sympathy for that much ridiculed phrase, 'the dignity of human nature,'—I should be disposed to reverse the sentiment of the Psalmist, and say—When I consider the body, mind, soul, conscience and affections, when I consider the powers, capabilities and destiny of Thy creature man, what are the sun, moon and stars, that thou art mindful of them? I say, I should be disposed to reverse the Psalmist's expression, did I not find a juster statement than either. There is no sense in disparaging the cellular in comparison with the parlor, or the attic in comparison with the best chamber. A well ordered house needs them all, and each contributes its share towards the common benefit. Just so, a perfect God has made the planets and stars just as he wished to have them, originally being, and ever since remaining, just as He intended; and the same perfect God has made the rational, immortal and progressive being, man, just as he wished to have him, *he also ever since remaining just as God intended.* The perfection of God necessarily implies that the whole and every particular part of the career of man on earth should be just what God designed when he created the first man.

Now, to take up the subject where I left it a page or two back, I feel in God, and express to Him, the same confidence, affection, trust, which you feel in Christ. I know that you regard Christ as God; nevertheless, recognizing God as combining, in some mysterious manner, the characters of Father and Son, you cherish His manifestation as Son with special affection, cultivate trust in the Son, expect comfort and support from the Son. (In saying this, I do not at all mean to imply that you consciously depreciate, undervalue or disregard the Father.)

Well, I find that another person, who also regards himself as a Christian, habitually cherishes these feelings of love, tenderness and confidence in a superior power, but directs them especially towards the Virgin Mary. To her he confesses his sins, from her he asks, and expects, help and blessing. Another cherishes precisely the same feelings and prefers the same requests to St. Joseph, or St. Francis, on whose day he was born, and from whom he derives his name.

Now, neither of these persons consciously undervalue or depreciates God the Father. On the contrary, they think that in this manner they best show him honor and reverence. Ask Francis, who prays so devoutly, in the intervals of his fruit-selling, under the walls of St. Peter's church in Rome, and he will tell you, and with perfect sincerity, that he is a poor sinner, who feels unworthy to approach the great God in person; he therefore begs St. Francis to intercede with the Virgin Mary to intercede with her son Jesus to intercede with his father, God, that Francis's sins may be pardoned. Now, the mind of poor Francis, and the mind of his sister Julietta, (who comes one step nearer to God, directing her homage and her petitions to the Blessed Virgin, and begging her to intercede with Jesus, that he may intercede with God, for her forgiveness,) have scarcely begun to reflect upon themselves, or to have any power of spiritual discrimination. But you, who have never been misled by instruction in their peculiar superstitions, and who have had the further advantage of a careful intellectual training, you can see, that by an inevitable logical necessity, they have formed the habit of looking at the direct object of their love and worship as sweeter, tenderer, more gracious, more loving, more disposed to pardon, than the great God to whom the prayer is to come, through two or three stages of intercession. You can see, that this, however,

little they may mean it, they have actually more confidence in St. Francis or St. Mary than in God.

Now, my idea is, that this confidence in some one else more than in God the Father, (however unintentional and however venial,) this idea that He is best approached, or that He prefers to be approached, by a Mediator, or a succession of mediators, rather than directly, is a very great mistake. Since that being whom I call God, and whom you call 'God the father,' is the father of us all, and is the very perfection of love and tenderness, and is always present with each one of us—why should not each one of us (saint or sinner, and the sinner just as much as the saint) approach Him directly, asking what he needs simply because he needs it, and because one's Father is the natural and proper source of help? Why should a son, even a prodigal son, ask help of his Father through the mediation of another, or in the name of another, or for the sake of another? The assumption that any such mediation is needful or desirable is a depreciation of the paternal character; it is casting an unworthy imputation upon God, and this by a logical necessity, however little it may be intended. As I view it, the true way of honoring God, the true exercise of faith in God, is to take for granted that He desires and prefers our direct communication with Himself. Whoever assumes the contrary is bound to prove it.

Each one of us, then, may ask God directly, without reference to any mediator, to help and bless him. Not that there is any doubt that God is already disposed to do this, but that each one may use the great privilege of putting himself into conscious communication with the Father; that each may fortify himself with the strength inherently belonging to the consciousness of having chosen to put himself on God's side; on the side of right against wrong, truth against error, righteousness against sin, in the world where God has placed him.

You are quite right in saying that it is a difficult thing to define the exact limitations of our disagreement or concurrence with others. Yet no labor is more richly repaid than the attempt to do this, in relation to an affair so important as religion. If this attempt were often made, and more diligently persevered in, our community would be freed from many of its miserable superstitions which now disgrace and deprave it, and we should pay better obedience to Paul's wise precept—'Prove all things; hold fast that which is good;'—and to that other wise injunction—'Be ready to render to every man that asketh a reason for the hope that is in you.' To know what we believe, and why we believe it, is part of the business which God has given to each one of us to do. Yet how few church members (and I specify them not because they are different from the rest of mankind in this respect, but because they claim to have adopted a definite belief) can give any better reason, or any other reason for their faith than that which the Hindoo or the Mohammedan gives—namely, 'The religious teachers say so.'

Your letter says—'The Bible is my authority. Any thing I am thoroughly satisfied it affirms or teaches, I accept.' Understanding that you mean that God has made the Bible authoritative, and that all Christians are bound so to regard it, I must ask—What reason is there for thinking thus? You are a lawyer, and understand (what most men do not understand) the nature of evidence. What considerations are there to authorize the assurance with which this matter is spoken of in the publications of the American Tract Society and the creeds of 'evangelical' churches, including, I doubt not, that with which you are individually connected? I do not find such evidence in the books that are popularly assumed to contain it. Such of their arguments as are sound do not prove the point; and with the statements that are true (in every one of those books which I have seen) are mixed others that are false, or sophistical, or both. I want good reasons, and sufficient reasons; and it is just that I should require such, before yielding my assent to the proposition in question. Can you give them to me? Can you point me to a book which, to your knowledge, contains them?

Duty and honesty require me to say thus much of the claim, made by a certain set of fallible men, but not made by the Bible itself, that it is infallibly inspired. God. But when you come from this proposition to the very different ground that the Bible contains treasures of wisdom and truth, that it includes the very best ideas respecting God, and man, and the relation between them, existing in the whole world at the times when the books of the Old, and afterwards of the New Testament were collected, and that many of the statements and precepts in both these collections have been and never can be exceeded—I heartily assent to it all. I prize, love and honor what the Bible actually is; but when fallible men approach me with the preposterous claim that I must receive the jealous Jehovah of the Jews as identical with the Heavenly Father taught by Jesus—that I must consider the being who threatens to tread down his prodigal children in his anger and trample them in his fury, to laugh at their calamity, and mock when their fear cometh, as identical with Him who is love, who loves all his children, and who is ready to receive and bless even the prodigal as soon as he will return—I rebel with indignation at the blasphemous impiety; I stand up for God against his calumniator.

After describing to me certain praiseworthy characteristics of the two churches with which you have been connected, you say—and, I doubt not, with perfect justice—they are probably better than the average of the churches in the country. But if a real and thorough scrutiny into the character of these churches should entirely justify the further favorable opinion you entertain of them—that they are true churches of Christ—they would prove themselves not merely better than the average, (which is no great commendation,) but very peculiar and remarkable churches; so thoroughly exceptional as to afford no criterion whatever of the character of the churches of New England. You know certain good things of these two churches, which I also freely admit, but if you have not taken a great many more good things for granted respecting them, not scrutinizing, because you have never felt or suspected the need of scrutiny, I very much mistake in my conjecture. I took the same things for granted, for the same reason. When circumstances compelled me to go into the examination of evidence, treating the character of the churches as an open question, to be decided according to evidence, I found that, with the best intentions, I had taken altogether too much for granted.

You have probably taken for granted, in the same manner, the excellence of the American Bible Society, and its innocence in regard to upholding slavery. So did I. And I was compelled by circumstances to scrutinize it. And the result of my examination (which I send you herewith, *Liberator*, May 14th, 1858,) will show you that its managers not only refuse to oppose slavery, but prefer to uphold it.

Again, The people of Park Street Church, in Boston, think of it as you do of yours, that it is 'better than the average.' It is the very head-quarters of Orthodoxy, abounding in prayer-meetings, in contributions to the Bible, Tract, Missionary and Sabbath School Societies. I had occasion to investigate its character in regard to its treatment of the colored people—the modern Samaritans. I send you the result of this examination, (*Liberator*, June 6th, 1857,) premising that I myself copied from the church records the extracts there given.

Again, The Rev. Baron Stow's Baptist church in Rowe street, Boston, probably consider themselves and their minister 'better than the average.' Yet I have myself seen their printed pew-deeds, containing a provision that no pew shall be sold except to a 'respectable white person.' Only think of a man, calling himself a minister of Christ, who refuses to call any but respectable white sinners to repentance! Think of a successor of the Apostles claiming the gift of healing, and inviting all respectable white lepers to come and be healed!

Again, Think of Northern ministers, like Rev. Dr. Lord, President of Dartmouth College, Rev. Dr. South-side Adams of Boston, and Rev. Dr. George W. Blagden of Boston, writing books, pamphlets, and newspaper articles expressly to justify and uphold slavery! Will you say—These ministers are exceptional! I admit that they are so. But my point is—Their churches are not exceptional. They are fair average specimens of New England churches in regard to piety; and they make no objection to this pro-slavery position on the part of their ministers; nay! more; they deprecate the name of Christ by calling these men ministers of Christ. And the whole body of Northern clergy join in this deprecation, and help towards that horrible depravation of the popular mind which necessarily flows from it. Dr. A. L. Stone and Rev. Mr. Dexter, Dr. Bacon and Bushnell, Dr. Cheever and Henry Ward Beecher openly treat South-side Adams as a Christian, and a Christian minister! What wonder that their churches, and the churches of the less reformatory ministers throughout our country, should make the same enormous error?

This brings me to another point in your letter. You find among our most earnest reformers 'the want of a gentle and loving spirit'—'a bitterness of spirit'—and 'a loss of temper.' I must try to be brief on this point, but I hope to make my meaning clear.

There are certain things, certain actions, certain persons, in this world, naturally fitted to inspire disgust and contempt in a well regulated mind. There are not only single actions, but deliberate, persistent positions of men in this world, so base and vile, that the direct expression of utter loathing and contempt is at once the natural and the appropriate treatment of them. This is the very medicine which God has given us for the cure of some disorders. Shall we not use it? If we use it *inappropriately*, first show that, and then censure us. But do you say that we shall not use it at all?

Some of these single actions—some of those deliberate and persistent courses of action—are not only thus base and vile in themselves, but are misleading and corrupting immense masses of men through the credit and popularity of their perpetrators. Will you complain of our applying this medicine to these cases, without even attempting to show that it is inappropriate?

All our capacities and powers come from God. He created in us the susceptibility of being affected by disgust and contempt; He gave us the power of expressing these by sneers and sarcasms. Were these given to be buried in the earth, or folded in a napkin and laid aside? Shall we dare to stigmatize the Giver by saying that these are errors in our constitution, unfit ever to be used? Or must we rather consider ourselves bound to use them when the proper occasion arrives? Must we not give account to God for our silence, as well as for our speech?

You apprehend a sneer from me when a man whom I have every reason to think honest and earnest describes his most serious religious convictions and emotions. You also ascribe 'bitterness of spirit,' 'loss of temper,' and 'a great deal of positive hate' to Mr. Parker. Has either of us said anything more severe than to call those whom we censure 'hypocrites'—children of the devil—'a generation of vipers'? When Jesus of Nazareth says those things, you take for granted that they were *deserved* by the persons to whom he spoke, and also that he said them without hate or bitterness of spirit. Now, my dear friend, I seriously ask, why do you take for granted the very opposite things in regard to Mr. Parker and me? Why do you assume that our censures are not deserved, and that we feel hate and bitterness in making them? What right have you to assume either of these things, without a fuller scrutiny into the circumstances than you have yet made?

I have addressed (in person) to scores of church-members and dozens of ministers—men who called themselves God's ambassadors, sent for the defence of the truth—the very questions that I have asked you above, respecting the proof of the inspiration of the Bible. Every one of them sneaked off into silence or palpable equivocation; and many of them represented me to their friends as an 'infidel,' an 'oppressor of Christianity,' in consequence of my demanding that the inspiration of the Bible be proved, instead of taken for granted. Are not contempt and sarcasm the appropriate treatment of such persons? When I use it towards such, is it fair to assume that I must be actuated by hate and bitterness? I hold myself accountable to God and man for the right use of this, as of all my other powers. I am not conscious of having been unduly severe. But if, in any case, that shall be shown me, I am ready to retract and apologize.

I have frequently experienced, and not only from mere acquaintances, but from those of my class-mates, relatives and connections who were church-members, injustice of the sort above intimated. But Mr. Parker's experience of this sort, compared with mine, is as a hundred to one. The most villainous falsehoods are constantly circulated about him. To give only the latest specimen, the last number of the *New Englander* contains an article grossly false and calumnious, entitled 'Theodore Parker and the 28th Congregational Society of Boston,' written by an orthodox minister of Boston. This is a fair specimen of the mixture of false insinuations and direct lies current in all the 'religious' newspapers respecting him. And the editors of these periodicals will admit no reply from Mr. Parker's friends. He himself does not take the trouble to reply to them. These calumniators are neither fools nor ignoramuses, but sagacious and intelligent men, the leaders of their respective sects, who deliberately and persistently use these means to injure the credit of one whom they cannot answer. Is not contempt the appropriate feeling, in not sarcasm the appropriate expression, for such persons?

Now, to give you a specimen of the feeling cherished towards Mr. Parker in the Boston churches, and nourished by the clergymen of those churches and the editors of the 'religious' newspapers, I will mention what was told me by an eye-witness of one of the prayer-meetings in Park St. Church, during the revival last winter.

From thirty to forty persons were assembled at this meeting, and nine or ten of them spoke and prayed, all in relation to Mr. Parker, and all in the same strain. They prayed that God would destroy his life; or, if not his life, his reason; that confusion and distraction might be sent into his study, so that he should not be able to finish his sermon for the next Sunday; or, if he were allowed to finish it, that he might be miraculously prevented from delivering it; that he might be confounded and brought to shame before the people; and lastly, if he did not please to grant these petitions, that he would miraculously influence Mr. Parker's audience to 'leave that house, and come up to this!'

Remember, this meeting chanced to be reported. No one knows how many more there were. Now, when pretensions to eminent piety, in the midst of a revival, and in the most popular orthodox church in Boston, publicly put up such petitions, it seems to me an appropriate occasion for disgust, contempt and sarcasm, as well as for burning indignation against the clergymen who, under the pretence of being ambassadors of Christ, are arousing such feelings among their hearers. They are perverting and misleading the public, and turning them aside from true Christianity, not less than if they taught Mohammedism or Mormonism, while their poor blind followers regard them as ministers of Christ. It seems to me that this is the very case where exemplary severity of speech (keeping always within the bounds of truth) is needed; and that even if your opinion differs from mine and from Mr. Parker's in this matter, you must concede our right to act upon our opinion, and you have so right to ascribe a severity which is so plainly deserved either to bitterness, or hate, or loss of temper. It is what we regard as the right method of doing what God has given us to do.

Gerrit Smith before his Constituents, to test his Qualifications for Governor of New York.
ROCHESTER COURT-HOUSE, 2 P. M., Wednesday, Sept. 8, 1858.

DEAR GARRISON:
I am in a meeting called by the party that have nominated Gerrit Smith for Governor, to question him as to his views of government, and his qualifications for Governor. Frederick Douglass called the meeting to order; Wm. Sperry was appointed Chairman; several Vice Presidents were chosen. When Gerrit Smith was introduced, he said his nomination would have the good result to introduce the practice of publicly questioning candidates. All candidates ought to be tested by the people, by most searching and sifting interrogatories. The *Tribune* called him a fool, yet admitted that he was good. He had rather be a good fool than a brightascal. I offer myself to be questioned as to my views of civil government.

Question.—Are you in favor of common schools being supported by government?

Answer.—I am opposed to all governmental schools. Compulsory schools are absurd and oppressive. Government should have no concern with education or religion. I would upset the system of governmental schools entirely, if I could. Schools should be supported voluntarily, as churches and ministers are. Compulsory schools are especially oppressive to Catholics.

Question.—Are you in favor of a Registry law?

Answer.—No need of a Registry law in country towns and villages; but in New York and large cities it is indispensable. Some way must be devised to prevent fraud at the ballot-box, or a government of the people is at an end.

Question.—What, as Governor, would you do against slavery?

Answer.—Use all my official influence to promote its overthrow.

Question.—Would you, as Governor, go against the U. S. Constitution?

Answer.—The question of slavery—of man's right to liberty, is not to be settled by constitutions and legislative enactments. *Not by the BIBLE.* No hope for any man's abolition who goes to a book or a constitution to decide whether a man is a man. That law is written on the body and soul by God, antecedent to all books and constitutions and human enactments. I should heed no book or constitution in regard to slavery.

Question.—What would you do in regard to the fugitive slave?

Answer.—I would protect the fugitive slave. I would shoot down, if need be, any man who should attempt to kidnap any person on the territory of New York. Should the U. S. Marshal come to Rochester to kidnap the poorest black baby in the city, I'd call out the militia to protect that baby; and if the citizens of Rochester should aid the Marshal, I'd shoot them off, and if need be, protect the baby against the official kidnapper, though the streets were drenched with blood. Politicians are cowards; they fear to damage their party by doing what they know is right. I never knew a politician who was not an ardent coward. They dare not move to protect from slavery against the Fugitive Slave Law. But if the Marshal come to catch a slave, or to enslave my child, he or I must die.

Question.—Is J. R. Giddings a politician? If so, is he an ardent coward?

Answer.—He is an half-and-half man—a qualified politician, and so, far, a coward.

Question.—Will not your small minority strengthen James Buchanan? Will not all who vote for you throw away their votes, and help fasten slavery on the nation?

Answer.—I will not admit that my vote will be a small minority. No—those who vote for me do not strengthen Buchanan, nor throw away their votes, nor help the Slave Power; but do the best they can do, politically, to destroy slavery.

Question.—Are you for prohibition?

Answer.—I am. If government cannot protect society from the effects of drunkenness, it is useless. I would have no party but one which goes for prohibition. In this, as on slavery, there is no difference between the Republican party and the Democratic and American parties.

Question.—Should we not get the best man we can, and vote for him, and not throw away our votes?

Answer.—I scorn and repudiate the doctrine that we may ever do evil that good may come. The best thing to be done is, to do right, regardless of results.

Question.—Has not the Republican party kept slavery out of Kansas?

Answer.—No. The people of Kansas kept it out. Ossawatimma Brown has done more to keep slavery from Kansas than all the Republican party. Of all magnificent humbugs, the Republican party is the most magnificent. Of all stupendous hypocrites, the Republican party is the most stupendous. Of all gigantic liars, the Republican party is the most gigantic. (Great sensation among Republicans.)

Question.—Has not that party prevented the extension of slavery?

Answer.—No. They do not go for non-extension. They have abandoned that ground, and now admit any State with slavery that wishes to come in with it. This non-extension doctrine is the idlest folly. While slavery is admitted to have a legal and rightful existence anywhere, it has a right to extend itself every where. It never can be prevented from extending itself, while its right to exist is acknowledged.

Question.—Whom would you allow to vote?

Answer.—Every man and woman, of competent age, without respect to complexion. Suffrage is a natural right, and inalienable—not dependent on human laws at all. Every human being has a natural right to vote in the government under which he or she lives.

Question.—Are you for the Higher Law?

Answer.—No. I know but one law. I know no higher or lower law. I know no law but God's law, and all that is opposed to that, I trample beneath my feet as no law. There is no higher and no lower law; as well talk of a higher and lower God.

Question.—Has the State power to set aside the laws of Congress?

Answer.—Most certainly; and every law made by Congress in favor of slavery or kidnapping, the State government ought at once to trample under foot. Should Congress pass a law in favor of murder—if Governor, I would set it at naught. Slavery is worse than murder. If Congress legislate in favor of slavery and slave-catching, the State of New York, and every other State, should set it at defiance; and if the United States Judges, Marshals or Presidents come here to execute it, and hunt slaves—if Governor, I would order out the militia and shoot them all, if need be, to protect the fugitive.

Question.—Has Congress power to abolish slavery in the States?

Answer.—It has, and ought at once to exercise that power, and sweep slavery from the nation. No political party can ever accomplish anything against sla-

very till it takes this ground. Let the government appoint Judges in every town and city, who would free every slave that comes before them on a writ of habeas corpus.

Question.—Has any State a right to establish slavery?

Answer.—No. Congress and each State are bound to abolish slavery, and have the power to do it; but no State nor government has a right to establish it, and no enactment can be of any force that does not violate all laws that sustain slavery.

Question.—Would you war against the federal government to defend the fugitive slave?

Answer.—Yes. I would wage war against the federal government, and against the devil, in defense of a fugitive slave. I would defend, as I have already said, the poorest black baby in the North, against the slave-hunter and kidnapper, though, in so doing, I should dissolve the Union and abolish the federal government.

Question.—Are you in favor of the rule of the majority?

Answer.—I am. But who is the majority? God—the Supreme Being—the Sovereign Ruler over all. I have no idea of a majority of men ruling. In matters of indifference, let men decide by majority; but, if the Marshal, or President, armed with federal authority, comes to take my child, or my neighbor's child, to make it a slave, the Marshal or I must die.

Question.—Are you in favor of a registry law, based on the principle that a majority of voters shall rule?

Answer.—No. The will of a majority of voters is no law of life for me, and should not be for any one. I am no atheist; I have a God to rule me, and the God is not the will of the majority, but the God that speaks in my